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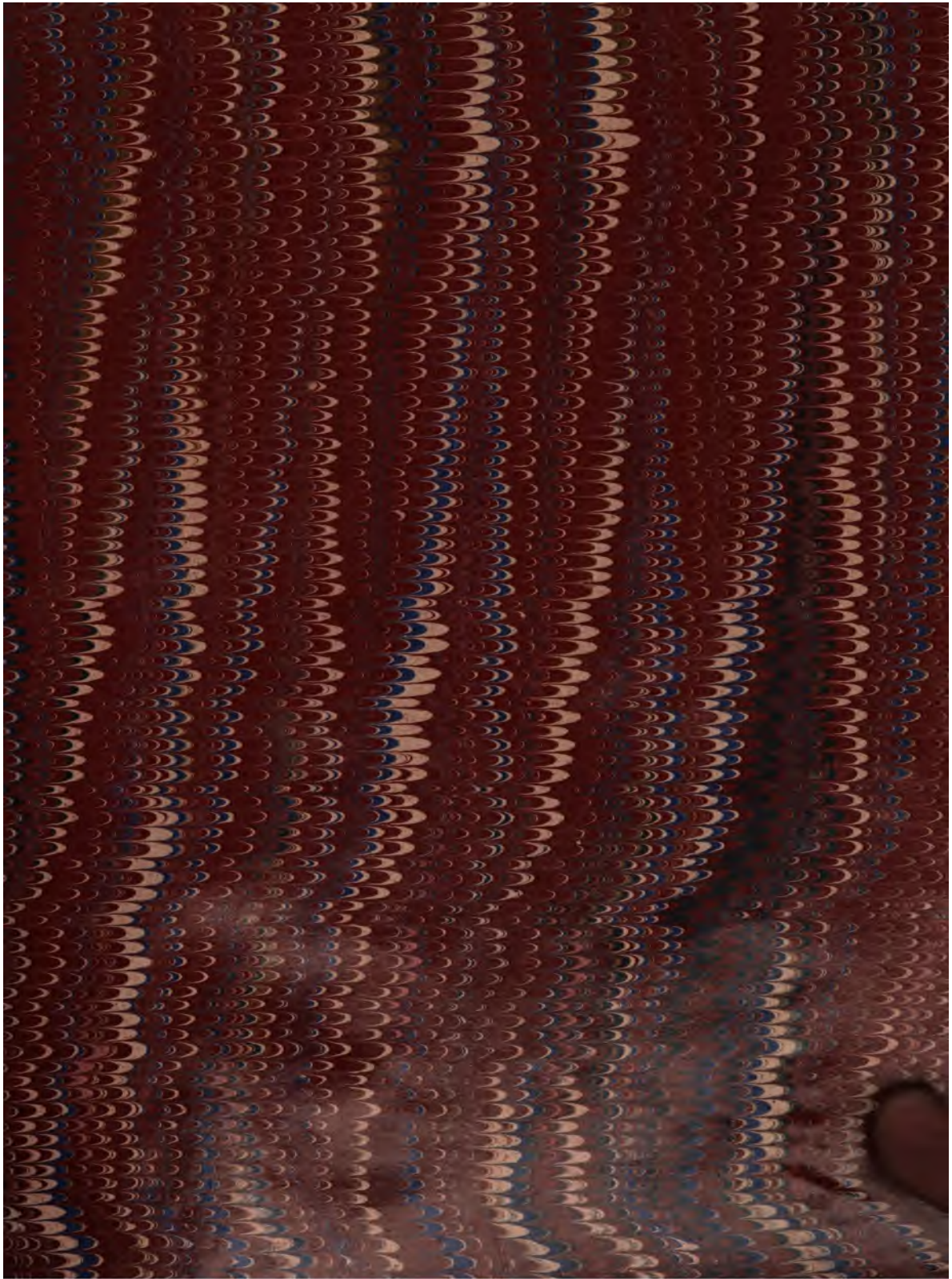
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XIV.

CHLORIS,

BY

WILLIAM SMITH.

(1596.)

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND
ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

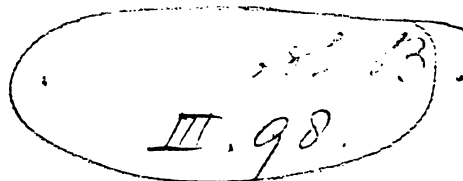
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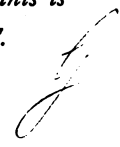
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INTRODUCTION.

LORD MACAULAY was wont to tell with characteristic volubility and vivacity how much he was put to a non-plus when one morning he was on circuit, a "Mr. Smith" was announced as waiting below to see him; and there was infinite play of exaggeration as to how he ran riot in the Pleasures of Imagination (or 'Pains') about who this "Mr. Smith" might or might not be—whether a possible client or an adversary, or a thousand-and-one possible or impossible personalities of the legion of Smiths. Then came the grand denouement, that *the* "Mr. Smith" was no less than Peter Plymley himself, genial and immortal Smith of all Smiths, the Reverend Sydney Smith, who had come over from his rural parsonage to take back his friend with him.

I feel very much in Macaulay's predicament in introducing my present Smith. "William Smith" is all he deigned to put in the title-page of *Chloris* well-nigh three hundred years ago; and it is no ordinary task to set one a-hunting for the pedigree of a member of so multitudinous a clan. I am indebted to my friendly correspondent J. P. EARWAKER, Esq., F.S.A., Withington, Manchester, for a communication from W. W. WADDINGTON, Esq., Great Russell Street, London, wherein he has incorporated the little all of fact and inference at present attainable. He writes as follows:—

"W. Smith—as he generally signs his name—the 3d son of Randall Smith and Jane, daughter of Raffe Bostock, was christened at Warmminshame, Cheshire, the 1st day of September, 1546. Where he was educated seems uncertain. It is *very* doubtful whether he ever were at Oxford as a

student. As his connections in Chester were merchants, it would be probably through their introduction that he went into Germany in 1571, and became a freeman of Nuremburg. Here he seems to have kept an Inn, and was also perhaps a merchant, being so described when a candidate for Rouge Dragon. Though dwelling in Nuremburg over twenty years, it is probable he paid at least one visit to England in 1588—the date I conjecture of his marriage with Veronica von Altensteig, a lady of good family. He tells us that from his twentieth year he had been devoted to Heraldry ; and he appears to have pursued it ardently while abroad. Besides these collections, are found a Description of England, 1580, written in Latin, for the benefit of a German friend ; another of Germany, 1582, with certain statistics of land forms, which seems to have been in Cecil's hands ; a third of London, 1588 ; a fourth of England, 1588, both in English ; a fifth of Norenborg, 1594, also in English, and a copy of which was presented to Lord Burghley. These five MSS. I purpose printing as the *Topographical Works of William Smith hitherto unpublished*. In addition to these he wrote and re-wrote several times his *Vale Royal*, materials for which he had collected previously, or during his visits to England. These books are illustrated with maps, ground-plans, views and coats of arms, some thousands, perhaps, altogether ; but even they fail to give a just idea of Smith's industry if we look to his Heraldic MSS. And now, as to the other literary work attributed to William Smith, I fear nothing satisfactory can be produced beyond a MS. note of Oldys, in which he says that he had seen a copy of the Verses written in honour of the family of Smith, in the hand of W. S., among Dyson's papers ; this, and some internal (but weak) evidence in the *Hector of Germany*, and the poem attributed to him in *Helicon*, have some weight in inclining me to believe that W. S. did attempt dramatic and poetic composition. Of course, Gore and Phillips, who may be supposed to have

had some authority, support his claim, as well as Langbaine, to dramatic authorship. But, as William Smith was not then an uncommon name any more than now, mistakes might easily arise. Collier, I don't know on what authority, would attribute the plays to Wentworth Smith, and the poems to *a* William Smith; but he does not further particularize him.

"It may be as well to note that when William Smith returned to England, in 1591, his affairs do not seem to have been in a very flourishing condition. One might suppose, at least, that this was the case from his Humble Petition to Lord Burghley, in 1597, begging for place of pursuivant; and that he had applied himself to literature is not unlikely. This is, however, mere conjecture. When appointed Rouge Dragon, he kept himself well employed. The Alphabet of Arms—an autograph copy of which exists in *MS.*, and was printed but unfortunately the book was destroyed by fire—testifies this; to say nothing of his many other *MSS.* Though he must have borne a good character and been esteemed by the Marshal, being employed by him to draw up a report on, 'The several functions of the Officers of Arms,' when the College was rent by factions (the report is still existing) he received no promotion. Perhaps his sympathy for the Electress and her fortunes might account for this neglect under James, if we could be certain he wrote the *Hector of Germany*, which is decidedly intended to rouse English feeling in favour of the Palatine. Having buried his wife and all his six children, he lastly was placed by their side, in St. Alphage's Church-yard, London Wall, 3rd October, 1618, in accord with his own request. By his Will, the bulk of his property went to his 'kinswoman Mary' and two or three small mementoes to friends. There seems to be no stone left recording his burial in the church or churchyard; but the place has suffered many changes."

I have given this narrative *in extenso*, but whatever comes of the claims and counter-claims of William and Wentworth

Smith, and other Smiths, *in re* "dramatic compositions," more especially to *Hector of Germany* (1615), I am constrained reluctantly to confess that the marriage of William Smith, author of the *Vale Royal* in 1588, or years before *Chloris* was published, makes it most improbable that *he* was its "sweet singer" and friend of Edmund Spenser. That the Poet of *Chloris* was the W. Smith of "England's Helicon" is however certain, seeing that its "Corins Dreame of his faire Chloris," which found a place in both editions (1600 sig. M. 2 C: and 1614), was taken from *Chloris*.

We must wait then for some lucky accident to inform us who the William Smith of *Chloris* was. It seems strange that one who faced the world with his simple name on his title-page, and was evidently known to and apparently cared for by Spenser, should have passed out of contemporary memories and records.

Among Heber's MSS. was "A new year's Gifte, or a Posie Made upon certen Flowers, presented to the Countesse of Pembroke" (4^o) and Hazlitt (*Hand-Book*, s.n.,) records the following:—"Amours by J. (or G.) D. with certen other Sonnetts by W. S. Licensed to Eleazer Edgar Jan. 3, 1599-1600," He adds—"W. S., perhaps W. Smith, has lines prefixed to Tylney's *Tragedy of Locrine* and to Breton's *Will of Wit*, 1599." For the reasons given in the like case of Richard Linche (Introduction to *Diella*, &c.,) I postpone reproduction of these conjectural assignations to our William Smith.

The following entry from Arber's *Transcript* (vol. iii, p. 71) is curious:—

5 Octobris [1596.]

Edmond Bolifant. Entred for his copie CLORIS or the Complaynt of the passion of the
despised Sheppard by W. Smyth. vpon condicōn the he procure it [sic]
to be laufully authorised before he prynt yt vjd

Of the claims of *Chloris* to a place in the Sonnet literature of England, few who read it sympathetically and open-eyedly will gainsay them to the full extent of its

modest Writer's lowly self-estimate of his "Rustic Muse." It says something for him that he so early paid such supreme homage to "The most excellent and learned Shepheard Collin Cloute." No one can read the two opening or the closing Sonnet addressed to Spenser without pleasant emotion. Here and there you come on a bird-like note; simple "piping" indeed, but true. Here and there also there are throbs of real love-passion, not mere "art" and poetic fancy, or fictitious "cruell wrong." At times there is a graciousness not wholly unworthy of Barnabe Barnes or Griffin, or in his thinner vein, "Sir Philip" himself. I cannot be mistaken surely in regarding this aspiration toward *Chloris* as delicate and dainty:—

"Giue not my lowly mufe new-hatcht the foile,
But warmth that she may at the length aspire
Vnto the temples of thy star-bright eyes,
Vpon whose round orbs perfect beauty sits." (p. 5.)

This too is tenderly put:—

"Ah cruell fates, why do you then befot
Poore Corins soule with loue *when loue is fled.*" (p. 7.)

There are *bits* that one inevitably pauses over, *e.g.*:—

"the fore
Made by loutes shafts, which pointed are with fire." (p. 8.)
"How much more faire by so much more vnkinde." (*Ibid.*)
"Tripping vpon the snowe soft downs." (*Ibid.*)
"Cease eies to weepe sith none bemoanes your weeping,
Leaue of good mufe to found the cruell name
Of my Loues Queene which hath my hart in keeping,
Yet of my loue doth make a jesting game." (p. 10.)
"My hopes still hoping hopelesse now repine." (p. 12.)
"Still false hope dispairing life deludes." (p. 13.)
"Matchlesse for beautie nature hath thee framed,
Onely vnkinde and cruell art thou named." (p. 14.)
"When hoary gray shall die thy yellow heares." (p. 18.)
"*Meanewhile mine eyes shall feede on hir faire face.*" (p. 19.)
"And what I say I euer will approue
No ioy can be comparèd to thy loue." (p. 21.)

"More rich, more rare, more woorth, her loue I prize
Then all the wealth which vnder heauen lies." (p. 22.)

"That day wherein mine eies cannot hir see,
Which is the effence of their chriftall fight,
Both blind obscure and dimme that day they bee,
And are debarred of faire heauens light." (p. 24.)

"A glittering shew of gold in you we finde,
And yet you proue but copper in the touch." (p. 25.)

"Dye, dye, my hopes for you do but augment
The burning accents of my deepe despaire,
Disdaine and scorne, your downfall do consent,
Tell to the worlde she is vnkinde yet faire.

Let fable night all your disgraces couer,
Yet truer sighes were neuer figh't by louer." (p. 26.)

—————"Chloris, . . . her hart-robbing-eie." (p. 28.)

This in Sonnet 28 is memorable, as thus :—

"Doth any liue that euer had fuch hap
That all their actions are of none effect ?
Whom fortune neuer dandled in hir lap
But as an abiect still doth me reiect,
Ah fickle dame, and yet thou constant art,"

This will recall *Timon of Athens* to Shakesperians. In Sonnet 14, the mention of *Amintas* and *Phillis* may or may not have been an intended reference to Thomas Watson or Gervase Markham. In Sonnet 34, the compound "care-charmer" of Sleep, reminds of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Griffin, and Donne, and others.

Sonnets 21, 23, 29, and 50, will reward critical study, as also the already-named "Dreame" (p. 11). Sonnet 50 expressly assures us that Spenser encouraged the Author to publish his *Chloris*.

As in all, our text (from the Bodleian) is given with absolute faithfulness to the original. Occasionally I have accentuated a word.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's Vestry,
Blackburn, 1st December, 1876.*

CHLORIS,

or

THE COMPLAINT

of the passionate
despised Shep-
heard.

By William Smith.



Imprinted at London,
By Edm. Bollifant

1596.



TO THE MOST EXCELLENT

and learned Shepheard

Collin Cloute.



Ollin my deere and most entire beloued,
My muse audacious stoupes hir pitch to thee,
Desiring that thy patience be not moued
By these rude lines, written heere you see,
Faine would my muse whom cruell loue hath wronged,
Shroud hir loue labors vnder thy protection,
And I my selfe with ardent zeale haue longed,
That thou mightst knowe to thee my true affection.
Therefore good Collin, graciously accept
A few sad sonnets, which my muse hath framed,
Though they but nevvly from the shell are crept,
Suffer them not by enuie to be blamed.

*But underneath the shadow of thy wings
Giue warmth to these yong-hatched orphan things.*

*Giue warmth to these yong-hatched orphan things,
Which chill with cold to thee for succour creepe,
They of my studie are the budding springs,
Longer I cannot them in silence keepe.
They will be gadding sore against my minde.
But curteous shepheard, if they run astray
Conduēt them, that they may the path way finde,
And teach them how, the meane obserue they may.
Thou shalt them ken by their discording notes,
Their weedes are plaine, such as poore shepheards weare,
Vnshapen, torne and ragged are their cotes,
Yet foorth they wandring are deuoid of feare.
They wick haue tasted of the muses spring,
I hope will smile vpon the tunes they sing.*

Finis. W. Smith

A 2

To all Shepherds in generall.

Y^Ou whom the world admire for rarest stile,
You which haue fung the sonnets of true loue :
Vpon my maiden verse with fauour smile,
Whose weake pend muse to flie too soone doth proue,
Before hir feathers haue their full perfection,
She soares aloft prickt on by blind affection.

You whose deepe wits, ingine, and industrie,
The euerlasting palme of praise haue wonne,
You Parragons of learned Poesie,
Fauor these mists, which fall before your sunne,
Intentions leading to a more effect,
If you them grace but with your milde aspect.

And thou the Genius of my ill tun'de note,
Whose beautie vrgèd hath my rustick vaine,
Through mighty Oceans of despaire to flote,
That I in rime thy crueltie complaine :
Vouchsafe to reade these lines both harsh and bad,
Nuntiates of wo with forrow being clad.

W. Smith.

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 1.



Vrteous *Caliope*, vouchsafe to lend
Thy helping hand to my untuned song,
And grace the felines which I to write pretend,
Compeld by loue that doth poore *Corin* wrong.
And those thy sacred sisters I beseech,
Which on *Parnassæes* mount do euer dwell,
To shield my cuntry muse and rurall speech,
By their diuine authoritie and spell.
Lastly to thee ô *Pan*, the Shepheards King,
And you swift footed *Dryades* I call :
Attend to heare a swaine in verse to sing
Sonnets of hir that keepes his hart in thrall :
O *Chloris* waigh the taske I vndertake,
Thy beautie subiect of my song I make.

Sonnet 2.

Thy beautie subiect of my song I make,
O fairest faire, on whom depends my life,
Refuse not then the taske I vndertake,
To please thy rage, and to appease my strife.
But with one smile remunerate my toile,
None other guerdon, I of thee desire.
Giue not my lowly muse new-hatcht the foile,
But warmth that she may at the length aspire
Vnto the temples of thy star-bright eies,
Vpon whose round orbs perfect beautie sits,
From whence such glorious christall beames arise,
As best my *Chloris* seemly face befits.
Whicheies, which beautie, which bright christall beame,
Which face of thine hath made my loue extreame.
Feede

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 3.

Feede filly sheepe although your keeper pineth,
Yet like to *Tantalus* doth see his foode.
Skip you and leape, no bright *Apollo* shineth
Whilst I bewaile my forrowes in yon wood.
Where wofull *Philomela* doth record,
And sings with notes of sad and dire lament,
The tragedie wrought by hir sisters Lord,
He beare a part in hir blacke discontent
That pipe which erst was wont to make you glee,
Vpon these downes whereon you carelesse graze,
Shall to hir mournfull musicke tuned be.
Let not my plaints poore lambkins you amaze.
There vnderneath that darke and duskie bowre,
Whole showres of teares to *Chloris* I will powre.

Sonnet 4.

Whole showres of teares to *Chloris* I will powre.
As true oblations of my sincere loue,
If that will not suffice most fairest flowre,
Then shall my sighes thee vnto pitie moue.
If neither teares nor sighes can ought preuaile,
My streaming blood thine anger shall appease,
This hand of mine by vigor shall assaile,
To teare my hart asunder thee to please.
Celestiall powres on you I inuocate,
You know the chaste affections of my minde,
I neuer did my faith yet violate,
Why should my *Chloris* then be so unkinde?
That neither teares, nor sighs, nor streaming blood,
Can vnto mercy moue hir cruell mood.

You

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 5.

You Fawnes and Siluans, when my *Chloris* brings
Hir flocks to water in your pleafant plaines,
Sollicite hir to pitie *Corins* flings,
The smart whereof for hir he still fustaines.
For ſhe is ruthleſſe of my wofull ſong.
My oaten reede ſhe not delights to heare.
O *Chloris*, *Chloris*, *Corine* thou doſt wrong,
Who loues thee better than his owne hart deere.
The flames of *Aetna* are not halfe ſo hot,
As is the fire which thy diſdaine hath bred.
Ah cruell fates, why do you then befot
Poore *Corins* ſoule with loue when loue is fled.
Either cauſe cruell *Chloris* to relent,
Or let me die vpon the wound ſhe ſent.

Sonnet 6.

You lofty Pines copartners of my wo,
When *Chloris* fitteth vnderneath your ſhade,
To hir thoſe ſighes and teares I pray you ſho,
Whilſt you attending I for hir haue made.
Whilſt you attending, droppèd haue ſweet balme,
In token that you pitie my diſtreſſe,
Zephrus hath your ſtately boughes made calme.
Whilſt I to you my ſorrowes did expreſſe.
The neighbor mountaines bended haue their tops,
When they haue heard my rufull melodie,
And Elues in rings about me leaps and hops,
To frame my paſſions to their iollitie.
Reſounding Ecchoes from their obſcure caues,
Reiterate what moſt my fancie craues.

What

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 7.

What neede I mourne? seeing *Pan* our sacred King
Was of that nimph faire *Syrinx* coy difdained,
The worlds great light which comforteth each thing,
All comfortlesse for *Daphnes* fake remained.
If gods can finde no helpe to heale the fore
Made by loues shafts, which pointed are with fire.
Vnhappy *Corine* then thy chaunce deplore,
Sith they despaire by wanting their desire.
I am not *Pan* though I a shepheard bee,
Yet is my loue as faire as *Syrinx* was.
My songs cannot with *Phæbus* tunes agree,
Yet *Chloris* doth his *Daphnes* far surpas.
How much more faire by so much more vnkinde,
Then *Syrinx* coy, or *Daphnes* I hir finde.

Sonnet 8.

No fooner had faire *Phæbus* trimd his car,
Being newly risen from *Auroraes* bed,
But I in whom dispaire and hope did war,
My vnpend flocke vnto the mountaines led.
Tripping vpon the snowe soft downes I spide
Three nimphs more fairer than those beauties three,
Which did appeare to *Paris* on mount *Ide*,
Comming more neere my goddesse I there see,
For she the field nimphes oftentimes doth haunt,
To hunt with them the fierce and sauage bore,
And hauing sported virelaies they chaunt,
Whilst I vnhappy helpleffe cares deplore.
There did I call to hir, ah too vnkinde,
But tyger like, of me she had no minde.

Vnto

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 9.

Vnto the fountaine where faire *Delila* chaste
The proud *Acteon* turned to a Hart
I droue my flocke that water sweete to taste,
Cause from the welkin *Phæbus* gan depart.
There did I see the nymph whom I admire.
Remembring hir locks, of which the yellow hew :
Made blush the beauties of her curled wire,
Which *Ioue* himselfe with wonder well might view.
Then red with ire, hir tresses she berent,
And weeping hid the beautie of hir face :
Whilst I amazèd, at hir discontent
With teares and sighs do humbly sue for grace :
But she regarding neither teares nor mone,
Flies from the fountaine leauing me alone.

Sonnet 10.

Am I a *Gorgon*? that she doth me flie,
Or was I hatchèd in the riuer Nyle?
Or doth my *Chloris* stand in doubt that I
With Syren songs do seeke hir to beguyle?
If any one of these she can obiect
Gainst me which chaste affected loue protest,
Then might my fortunes by hir frownes be checkt,
And blamelesse she from scandall free might rest.
But seeing I am no hideous monster borne,
But haue that shape which other men do beare,
Which forme great *Iupiter* did neuer scorne,
Amongst hir subiects heere on earth to weare.
Why should she then that soule with sorrow fill,
Which vowèd hath to loue and serue her still.

B

Tell

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 11.

Tell me my deere what mooues thy ruthlesse minde
To be so cruell, seeing thou art so faire?
Did Nature frame thy beautie so vnkinde?
Or dost thou scorne to pitie my dispaire?
O no it was not natures ornament,
But wingèd loues vnpartiall cruell wound,
Which in my hart is euer permanent,
Vntill my *Chloris* make me whole and found.
O glorious loue-god thinke on my harts grieve,
Let not thy vassaile pine through deepe disdaine,
By wounding *Chloris* I shall finde reliefe,
If thou impart to hir some of my paine.
She doth thy temples and thy shrines abiect,
They with *Amintas* flowers by me are deckt.

Sonnet 12.

Cease eies to weepe sith none bemones your weeping,
Leaue of good muse to found the cruell name
Of my loues Queene which hath my hart in keeping,
Yet of my loue doth make a iesting game.
Long hath my sufferance labored to inforce,
One pearle of pitie from her pretty eies,
Whilst I with restles Oceans of remorse
Bedew the banks where my faire *Chloris* lies,
Where my faire *Chloris* baths hir tender skin,
And doth triumph to see such riuers fall
From those moist springs, which neuer dry haue bin
Since she their honor hath detain'de in thrall.
And still she scornes one fauoring smile to shoue
Vnto those waues proceeding from my woe.

What

CHLORIS.

A dreame. Sonnet. 13.

What time faire *Titan* in the Zenith fate
And equally the fixèd poles did heate,
When to my flocke my daily woes I chate,
And vnderneath a broad beech tooke my seate :
The dreaming god whom *Morpheus* Poets call,
Augmenting fuell to my *Aetnas* fire,
With sleepe possessing my weake fences all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
Me thought I saw a Nymph I would imbrace,
With armes abroad comming to me for helpe,
A lust-led Satyre hauing hir in chace
Which after hir, about the fields did yelp.
I seeing my loue in perplexèd plight,
A sturdy bat from of an oke I rest,
And with the rauishor continue fight
Till breathlesse I vpon the earth him left.
Then when my coy Nymph saw her breathlesse foe,
With kisses kinde she gratifies my paine,
Protesting neuer rigor more to shoue.
Happy was I this good hap to obtaine,
But drowfie slumbers flying to their cell,
My sudder ioy conuerted was to bale,
My wonted forrowes still with me do dwell.
I looked round about on hill and dale,
But I could neither my faire Chloris view,
Nor yet the Satyre which erst while I flew.

B 2

Mornefull

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 14.

Moornful *Aminas* thou didst pine with care,
Bicaufe the fates by their vntimely doome,
Of life bereft thy louing *Phillis* faire :
When thy loues spring did first begin to bloome.
My care doth counteruale that care of thine
And yet my *Chloris* draws her angrie breath,
My hopes still hoping hopelesse now repine,
For living she doth adde to me but death.
Thy *Phillis* dying, loued thee full deere,
My *Chloris* living, hates poor *Coryns* loue,
Thus doth my woe as great as thine appeere,
Though fundry accents both our sorrowes moue.
Thy swan-like songs, did shew thy dying anguish:
These weeping truce-men shew I living languish.

Sonnet 15.

These weeping truce-men shew I living languish,
My woful wailings tels my discontent,
Yet *Chloris* nought esteemeth of mine anguish,
My thrilling throbs hir hart cannot relent.
My Kids to heare, the rimes and round delaies
Which I on wastefull hills was wont to sing :
Did more delight the Larke in sommer daies,
Whole eccho made the neighbour groues to ring :
But now my flocke all drooping bleates and cries,
Bicaufe my pipe the author of their sport,
All rent and torne, and vnrespected lies,
Their lamentations do my cares comfort.
They cease to feede and listen to the plaint,
Which I powre forth vnto a cruell Saint.

Which

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 16.

Which I powre foorth vnto a cruell Saint,
Who mercileffe my praiers doth attend :
Who Tiger-like doth pittie my complaint,
And neuer eare vnto my woes will lend.
But still false hope dispairing life deludes,
And tels my fancie I shall grace obtaine,
But *Chloris* faire my orifons concludes
With fearfull frownes prefagers of my paine.
Thus do I spend the weary wandring day,
Oppressed with a *Chaos* of harts grieve,
Thus I consume the obscure night away,
Neglecting sleepe which brings all cares reliefe,
Thus I passe my ling'ring life in woe,
But when my blisse will come I do not knoe.

Sonnet 17.

The perils which *Leander* tooke in hand,
Faire *Heros* loue and fauor to obtaine :
When void of feare securely leauing land,
Through *Hellepont* he swam to *Cestos* maine,
His dangers should not counterpoise my toile,
If my deere loue would once but pittie showe,
To quench these flames which in my breast do broile,
Or dry these springs which from mine eies do flowe :
Not onely *Hellepont* but Ocean seas,
For hir sweete sake to forde I would attempt.
So that my trauels would hir ire appeas,
My soule from thrall and languish to exempt,
O what ift not poore I would vndertake,
If labor could my peace with *Chloris* make.

My

C H L O R I S .

Sonnet 18.

My Loue, I cannot thy rare beauties place.
Vnder those formes which many writers vse,
Some like to stones compare their mistris face :
Some in the name of flowers do loue abuse :
Some makes their loue a goldsmiths shop to be,
Where orient pearles and pretious stones abounde.
In my conceite these farre do disagree,
The perfect praise of beautie forth to founde.
O *Chloris* thou dost imitate thy selfe,
Selfs imitating passeth pretious stones,
Or all the Easterne Indian golden pelfe :
Thy red and white with purest faire attones,
Matchlesse for beautie nature hath thee framed,
Onely vnkinde and cruell art thou named.

Sonnet 19.

The Hound by eating grasse doth finde reliefe,
For being sicke it is his choycest meate :
The wounded Hart doth ease his paine and grieve
If he the herbe Dictamion may eate :
The loathsome Snake renewes his sight againe :
When he casts off his withered coat and hue :
The skie bred Eagle fresh age doth obtaine
When he his beake decaieeth doth renewe.
I woofe then these whose sore no salve can cure,
Whose grieve no herbe, nor plant nor tree can ease,
Remediesse I still must paine indure,
Till I my Chloris furious moode can please ;
She like the Scorpion gaue to me a wound,
And like the Scorpion she must make me found.

Yee

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 20.

Yee wasteful woods beare witnes of my woe,
Wherein my plaints doe oftentimes abound :
Yee carelesse birds my forrowes well do knoe,
They in your fongs were wont to make a found.
Thou pleasant spring canst record likewise beare
Of my designes and sad disparagment,
When thy transparent billowes mingled weare
With those downfals which from mine eies were sent.
The eccho of my still-lamenting cries,
From hallow vaults in treble voice resoundeth,
And then into the emptie aire it flies,
And backe againe from whence it came reboundeth.
That Nimphe vnto my clamors doth replie,
Being likewise scornd in loue as well as I.

Sonnet 21.

Being likewise scornd in loue as well as I
By that selfe-louing boy, who did disdaine
To heare hir after him for loue to crie,
For which in dens obscure she doth remaine :
Yet doth she answer to ech speech and voice,
And renders backe the last of what we speake,
(But 'specially if she might have hir choice,
She of vnkindnes would hir talke foorth breake)
She loues to heare of loues most sacred name,
Although poor nimph in loue she was despised ;
And euer since she hides hir head for shame,
That hir true meaning was so lightly prised :
She pittying me, part of my woes doth beare,
As you good shepheards listning now shall heare.

O

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 22.

my plaint,
doth spring,
sweete Saint,
I sing.
of thee,
disdaine,
not mee,
which cōplaine,
but giue
my hart,
hope to liue.
to ease my smart
my loue,
shal not remoue.

O fairest faire to thee I make my plaint,
To thee from whom my cause of grief doth spring,
Attentive be vnto the grones sweete Saint,
Which vnto thee in doleful tunes I sing.
My mournfull muse doth alwaies speake of thee,
My loue is pure & do it not disdaine,
With bitter sorrow still oppresse not mee,
But mildly looke vpon me which complaine.
Kill not my true-affecting thoughts, but give
Such pretious balm of comfort to my hart,
That casting off despaire in hope to liue,
I may find helpe at length to ease my smart.
So shall you adde such courage to my loue,
That fortune false my faith shall not remoue

Sonnet 23.

The *Phoenix* faire which rich *Arabia* breeds,
When wasting time, expires hir tragedy
No more on *Phæbus* radiant raise she feedes,
But heapeth vp great store of spicery.
And on a loftie towring Cedar tree,
With heauenly substance she hir selfe consumes,
From whence she yoong againe appeeres to bee,
Out of the Cinders of hir peerelesse plumes.
So I which long have fried in lous flame,
The fire not made of spice but sighes and teares,
Reuiue againe in hope disdaine to shame,
And put to flight the Author of my feares.
Hir eies reuiue decaying life in me,
Though they augmenters of my thraldome be.

Though

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 24.

Though they augmenters of my thraldome be,
 For hir I liue and hir I loue and none els :
 O then faire eyes looke mildly vpon me,
 Who poore despide, forlorne must liue alone els,
 And like *Amintas* haunt the desart cels
 (And monileffe there breath out thy crueltie)
 Where none but care and Melancholy dwels.
 I for reuenge to *Nemesis* will crie ;
 If that will not preuaile my wandering ghoſte,
 Which breathles heere this loueſcorcht trunckſhall leaue,
 Shall vnto thee with tragicke tidings poſte,
 How thy diſdaine did life from ſoule bereaue.
 Then all too late my death thou wilt repent,
 When murthers guilt thy conſcience ſhall torment.

Sonnet 25.

Who doth not know that loue is triumphant,
 Sitting vpon the throne of Maieſtie,
 The gods themſelues his cruell darts do daunt,
 And he blind boy ſmiles at their miſerie ?
 Loue made great *Ioue* oft times transforme his ſhape.
 Loue made the fierce *Alcides* ſtoop at laſt
Achillis ſtout and bold, could not eſcape
 The direfull doome which loue vpon him caſt.
 Loue made *Leander* paſſe the dreadfull flood
 While *Ceſtos* from *Abydos* doth deuide.
 Loue made a *Chaos* where proud *Ilion* ſtood,
 Through loue the *Carthaginian Dido* dide.
 Thus may we ſee how loue doth rule & raignes,
 Bringing thoſe vnder, which his power diſdaines

C

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 26.

Though you be faire and beautifull withall
And I am blacke for which you me despise,
Know that your beauty subiect is to fall
Though you esteeme it at so high a prise.
And time may come when that whereof you boast,
(Which is your youths chief wealth and ornament)
Shall withered be by winters raging froast,
When beauties pride and flowring yeeres are spent.
Then wilt thou morne when none shall thee respect :
Then wilt thou think how thou hast scornd my tears,
Then pitileffe ech one will thee neglect,
When hoary gray shall die thy yellow hears.
Then wilt thou thinke vpon poore *Corins* cafe,
Who lou'd thee deere yet liu'd in thy disgrace

Sonnet 27.

O Loue leaue off with sorrow to torment mee,
Let my harts grieve and pining paine content thee.
The breach is made I giue thee leaue to enter,
Thee to resist great god I dare not venter.
Restlesse desire dost aggrauate mine anguish,
Carefull conceits do fill my soule with languish.
Be not too cruell in thy conquest gained,
Thy deadly shafts hath victory obtained.
Batter no more my forte with fierce affection,
But shield me captiue vnder thy protection.
I yeeld to thee O Loue thou art the stronger,
Raife then thy siege, and trouble me no longer.

What

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 28.

What cruell star or fate had domination
When I was borne, that thus my loue is crossed ?
Or from what Planet had I deriuation
That thus my life in seas of woe is crossed ?
Doth any liue that euer had such hap
That all their actions are of none effect ?
Whom fortune neuer dandled in hir lap
But as an abiect still doth me reiect,
Ah fickle dame, and yet thou constant art
My daily griefe and anguish to increafe,
And to augment the troubles of my hart
Thou of these bonds wilt neuer me release
So that thy darlings me to be may know,
The true Idea of all worldly woe.

Sonnet 29.

Some in their harts their Mistris colours bears,
Some hath hir gloves, some other hath hir garters,
Some in a bracelet wears hir golden hears,
And some with kisses seale their louing charters.
But I which neuer fauor reaped yet,
Nor hath one pleasant looke from hir faire brow,
Content my selfe in silent shade to sit
In hope at length my cares to ouerplow.
Meane while mine eies shall feede on hir faire face,
My sighs shall tell to hir my sad designes,
My paineful pen shall euer fue for grace
To helpe my hart, which languishing now pines.
And I will triumph still amidst my woe
Till mercy shall my sorrowes ouerflowe.

C 2

The

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 30.

The raging sea within his limits lies
And with an ebbe his flowing doth discharge,
The riuers when beyond their bounds they ries,
Themselues do emptie in the Ocean large :
But my loues sea which neuer limit keepeth,
Which neuer ebs but alwaies euer floweth,
In liquid salt vnto my Chloris weepeth,
Yet frustrate are the teares which he beftoweth :
This sea which first was but a little spring
Is now so great and far beyond all reason,
That it a deluge to my thoughts doth bring,
Which ouerwhelmed hath my ioying season.

So hard and dry is my Saints cruell minde,
These waues no way in hir to sinke can finde.

Sonnet 31.

These waues no way in hir to sinke can finde
To penetrate the pith of contemplation,
These teares cannot dissolue hir hardned minde,
Nor moue hir heart on me to take compassion :
O then poore *Coryne* scornd and quite despized,
Loath now to liue since life procures thy woe
Enough thou hast thy hart anatomized
For hir sweete sake which will no pittie shoue :
But as colde winters stormes and nipping frost,
Can neuer change sweet *Aramanthus* hue,
So though my love and life by hir are croft ;
My hart shall still be constant firme and true.

Although *Erynnis* hinders *Hymens* rites,
My fixed faith against obliuion sities.

My

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 32.

My fixed faith against obliuion fights,
And I cannot forget her pretty elfe,
(Although she cruell be vnto my plights)
Yet let me rather cleane forget my selfe,
Then hir sweete name out of my minde should goe,
Which is th' *Elixir* of my pining soule,
From whence the essence of my life doth flowe,
Whose beautie rare my fences all controule,
Themselues most happie euermore accounting,
That such a nymph is Queene of their affection,
With rauisht rage they to the skies are mounting,
Esteeming not their thraldome nor subiection,
But still do ioy amidst their miserie,
With patience bearing loues captiuitie.

Sonnet 33.

With patience bearing loues captiuitie
Themselues vnguiltie of his wrath alleaging,
These homely lines abiects of Poesie
For libertie and for their ransome pleadging,
And being free they solemnly do vowe,
Vnder his banner euer armes to beare
Against those rebels which do disallowe
That loue of blisse should be the soueraigne heire :
And *Chloris* if these weeping truce-men may
One sparke of pittie from thine eies obtaine,
In recompence of their sad heauy lay ;
Poore *Coryne* shall thy faithfull friend remaine,
And what I say I euer will approue,
No ioy can be comparèd to thy loue.

The

C H L O R I S .

Sonnet 34.

The birde of Thrace which doth bewaile hir rape
And murthred *It is* eaten by his fire,
When she hir woes in dolefull tunes doth shape,
She sets hir brest against a thornie brire,
Because care-charmer sleepe should not disturbe
The tragicke tale which to the night she tels,
She doth hir rest and quietnes thus curbe
Amongst the groues where secret silence dwels.
Euen so I wake, and waking waile all night,
Chloris vnkindnes slumbers doth expell,
I need not thornes sweete sleep to put to flight,
Hir crueltie my golden rest doth quell :
That day and night to me are alwaies one,
Consum'd in woe, in teares, in sighes and mone.

Sonnet 35.

Like to the shipman in his brittle boate,
Tossed aloft by the vnconstant winde,
By dangerous rocks and whirling gulfes doth floate,
Hoping at length the wished Porte to finde :
So doth my loue in stormy billowes faile,
And passeth the gaping *Scillaes* waues,
In hope at length with *Chloris* to preuaile
And win that prize which most my fancie craues :
Which vnto me of value will be more,
Then was that rich and welthie golden fleece,
Which *Iason* stout from *Colchos* Iland bore
With winde in failes vnto the shore of Greece
More rich, more rare, more woorth hir loue I prize
Then all the wealth which vnder heauen lies.

O

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 36.

O what a wound and what a deadly stroke
Doth *Cupid* giue to vs perplexèd louers?
Which cleaues more fast, then Iuie doth to oke,
Vnto our harts where he his might discouers.
Though warlike *Mars* were armèd at all points,
With that tride coate which fierie *Vulcan* made,
Loues shafts did penetrate his steelèd ioints,
And in his breast a streaming gore did wade,
So pittiles is this fell conquerer :
That in his mothers paps his arrowes stucke,
Such in his rage that he doth not defer,
To wound thofe orbs from whence he life did sucke.
There fith no merey he shewes to his mother,
We meekely must his force and rigor smother.

Sonnet 37.

Each beaft in field doth with the morning light,
The birds to *Hesper* pleasant laies to sing :
The wanton kids well fed reioice in night,
Being likewise glad when day begins to spring.
But night nor day are welcome vnto me,
Both can beare witnes of my lamentation,
All day sad sighing *Corine* you shall see,
All night he spends in teares and exclamation.
Thus still I liue although I take no rest :
But liuing looke as one that is a dying :
Thus my sad soule with care and grieve opprest,
Seemes as a ghoft to *Styx* and *Lethe* flying.
Thus hath fond loue bereft my youthfull yeeres,
Of all good hap before old age appeeres.

That

C H L O R I S .

Sonnet 38.

That day wherein mine eies cannot hir fee,
Which is the effence of their chriftall fight,
Both blinde, obfcure and dimme that day they bee,
And are debarred of faire heauens light,
That day wherein mine eares do want to heare hir,
Hearing that day is from me quite bereft,
That day wherein to touch I come not neer hir,
That day no fence of touching I have left,
That day wherein I lacke the fragrant fmell,
Which from hir pleasant amber breath proceedeth,
Smelling that day difdaines with me to dwell,
Onely weake hope my pining carcafe feedeth.
But burft poore hart thou haft no better hope,
Since all thy fences have no further fcope.

Sonnet 39.

The ftately Lion and the furious Beare
The skill of man doth alter from their kinde,
For where before they wilde and fauage were,
By art both tame and meeke you fhall them finde.
The Elephant although a mighty beafte.
A man may rule according to his skill,
The luftie horfe obaieth our beheaft,
For with the Curbe you may him guide at will :
Although the flint moft hard contains the fire,
By force we do his vertue foone obtaine,
For with a fteele you fhall haue you defire,
Thus man may all things by induftry gaine ;
Onely a woman if fhe lift not loue,
No art, nor force, can vnto pitie moue.

No

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 40.

No Arte nor force can vnto pittie moue
 Hir stonie hart that makes my hart to pant,
 No pleading passions of my extreame loue :
 Can mollifie hir minde of adamant
 Ah cruell sex, and foe to all mankinde :
 Either you loue or els you hate too much :
 A glistring shew of golde in you we finde,
 And yet you prooue but copper in the touch.
 But why? O why? do I so farre digresse?
 Nature you made of pure and fairest molde,
 The pompe and glory of man to depresse,
 And as your slaues in thraldome them to holde :
 Which by experience now too well I proue,
 There is no paine vnto the paines of loue.

Sonnet 41.

Faire Shepheardeffe, when as these rusticke lines
 Comes to thy fight, waigh but with what affection
 Thy seruile doth depaint his fad defines,
 Which to redres of thee he makes election.
 If so you scorne you kill, if you seeme coye
 You wound poore *Corine* to the very hart :
 If that you smile you shall increafe his ioye :
 If these you like you banish do all smart,
 And this I do protest most fairest faire,
 My muse shall neuer cease that hill to clime,
 To which the learned Muses do repaire,
 And all to deifie thy name in rime.
 And neuer none shall write with truer minde
 As by all prooffe and triall you shall finde.

D

Dye,

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 42.

Dye, dye, my hopes for you do but augment
The burning accents of my deepe despaire,
Disdaine and scorne, your downfall do consent,
Tell to the world she is vnkinde, yet faire.
O eies close vp those euer-running fountaines,
For pitileffe are all the teares you shed
Wherewith you watred haue both dales and mountaines,
I see, I see, remorse from hir is fled.
Packe hence yee fighes into the empty aire,
Into the aire that none your sound may heare,
Sith cruell *Chloris* hath of you no care,
Although she once esteemed you full deare.
Let Sable night all your disgraces couer,
Yet truer fighes were neuer figh't by louer.

Sonnet 43.

Thou glorious funne, from whence my lesser light
The substance of his christall shine doth borrow,
Let these my mones finde fauor in thy sight,
And with remorse extinguish now my sorrow.
Renew those lampes which thy disdaine hath quenched,
As *Phæbus* doth hir sister *Phæbus* shine,
Consider how thy *Coryne* being drenched
In seas of woe, to thee his plaints incline.
And at thy feete with teares doth sue for grace,
Which art the goddesse of his chaste desire,
Let not thy frowns these labors poore deface
Although aloft they at the first aspire.
And time shall come as yet vnknowne to men,
When I more large thy praises forth shall pen.

When

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 44.

When I more large thy praises foorth shall show,
That all the world thy beauty shall admire,
Desiring that most sacred Nymph to know
Which hath the shepherds fancie set on fire,
Till then my deere let these thine eies content,
Till then faire loue thinke if I merit fauor,
Till then O let thy mercifull assent
Relish my hopes with some comforting fauor,
So shall you adde such courage to my muse,
That she shall clime the steep *Parnasæus* hill,
That learned Poets shall my deeds peruse
When I from thence obtained haue more skill.
And what I sing shall alwaies be of thee
As long as life or breath remaines in me.

Sonnet 45.

When she was borne whom I intirely loue,
Th' immortall gods her birth-rites foorth to grace
Descending from their glorious seat aboue,
They did on hir these feuerall vertues place.
First *Saturne* gave to hir sobriety,
Ioue then indued hir with comelines,
And *Sol* with wisedome did hir beautify,
Mercurie with wit and knowledge did hir bles,
Venus with beautie did all parts bedeck,
Luna therewith did modesty combine,
Diana chast all loose desires did check,
And like a lampe in cleernes she doth shine,
But *Mars* according to his stubborne kinde,
No vertue gaue but a difdainfull minde.

When

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 46.

When *Chloris* first hir hart-robbing-eie
Inchaunted had my filly fences all,
I little did respect loues crueltie,
I neuer thought his snares should me enthrall :
But since hir tresses have entangled me,
My pining flocke did neuer heare me sing
Those ioly notes which earst did make them glee,
Nor do my kids about me leape and spring.
As they were wont, but when they heare me crie
They likewise crie and fill the aire with bleating :
Then do my sheepe vpon the cold earth lie,
And feede no more, my griefes they are repeating.
O *Chloris* if thou then sawest them and me
I'am sure thou wouldste both pitie them and me.

Sonnet 47.

I need not tell thee of the lilly white,
Nor of the rose at red which doth thee grace,
Nor of thy golden haire like *Phæbus* bright,
Nor of the beautie of thy fairest face.
Nor of thine eies which heauenly stars excell,
Nor of thine azurde vaines which are so cleere,
Nor of thy paps where Loue himselfe doth dwell,
Which like two hils of violets appeere.
Nor of thy tender sides, nor belly soft,
Nor of thy goodly thighes as white as snow,
Whose glory to my fancie seemeth oft
That like an arch triumphall they do show.
All these I know that thou dost know too well,
[Last line cut off.]

CHLORIS.

Sonnet 48.

But of thy hart too cruell I thee tell,
Which hath tormented my yoong budding age,
And doth (vnlesse your mildnes passions quell)
My vtter ruine neere at hand presage.

Insteed of blood which wont was to display
His ruddy red vpon my hearlesse face,
By ouer greeuing that is fled away,
Pale dying colour there hath taken place.

Those curled locks which thou waft wont to twift
Vnkempt, vnshorne and out of order beene,
Since my disgrace I had of them no lift,
Since when these eies no ioyfull daye haue seene,
Nor neuer shall till you renue againe
The mutuall loue, which did possesse vs twaine

Sonnet 49.

You that imbrace inchaunting Poesie,
Be gracious to perplexed *Coryns* lines.
You that do feele loues proud authoritie,
Helpe me to sing my sighes sad designes.

Chloris requite not faithful loue with scorne,
But as thou oughtest haue commiseration,
I haue ynough anatomized and torne
My hart, thereof to make a pure oblation.

Likewise consider now thy *Coryne* priseth
Thy parts aboue each absolute perfection,
How he of euery pretious thing deuifeth
To make the foueraigne, grant me then affection.

Els thus I prife thee, *Chloris* is alone
More hard then gold or pearle or precious stone.

Colin

C H L O R I S .

Sonnet 50.

Colin I know that in thy loftie wit
Thou wilt but laugh at these my youthfull lines,
Content I am, they should in silence sit,
Obscurd from light, to sing their fad designes :

But that it pleased thy graue shepherdhood
The Patron of my maiden verse to bee,
When I in doubt of raging Enuie stood,
And now I waigh not who shall *Chloris* see.

For fruit before it comes to full perfection
But blossomes is, as euery man doth know :
So these being bloomes, and vnder thy protection
In time I hope to ripenes more will grow.

And so I leaue thee to thy woorthy muse,
Desiring thee all faults here to excuse.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Page 3. "*Collin Cloute*"=Edmund Spenser. See Introduction.
- " 3, l. 2, "*stoupes her pitch*"—hawking phraseology: "pitch" was the height to which a falcon rose before she "stooped" or darted upon her prey; l. 4, comma after "fee" should be (.); and so l. 10, after "framed." Similar occur elsewhere, but need not be recorded.
- " 3, son. 2, l. 8, "*meane*"=middle-way; l. 9, "*ken*"=know—a Northern word, and so Scotice still; l. 10, "*weedes*"=dress; l. 13, "*wick*"=which.
- " 4, l. 7, "*ingine*"=intellect's inventiveness; l. 18, "*Nuntiates*"=nuncios.
- " 5 son. 1, l. 3, "*pretend*"=stretch toward.
- " 5, " 2, l. 5, "*remunerate*"=reward—noticeable early use of a (now) familiar word; l. 7, "*foile*"=fall.
- " 8, " 8, l. 11, "*virelaies*"=a kind of rondeau, in short lines of seven or eight syllables.
- " 9, " 9, l. 4, "*welkin*"=sky—noticeable early use; l. 6, "*Remembring*"=bearing in mind, caring for—curious use.
- " 10, " 11, l. 6, "*unpartial*"=impartial, and perhaps here, callous or indifferent; l. 13, "*abiet*"=cast down.
- " 11, l. 14, "*bat*"=heavy stick or club.
- " 12, son. 14, l. 1, "*Aminias*"; l. 3, "*Phillis*," see our Introduction; l. 14, "*truce-men*"=truchman, interpreter? See son. 15, l. 1, son. 33, l. 9; l. 5, "*round delaies*"=roundelays, *i.e.*, catch, see "*virelaies*," *supra*.
- " 14, " 19, l. 4, "*Dictamion*"=Fraxinella or bastard dittany.
- " 16, " 23, l. 3, "*raise*"=rays.
- " 19, " 29, l. 11, "*painefull pen*"=pen full of pains (taking).
- " 22, " 34, l. 5, "*care-charmer sleepe*." See Introduction.
- " 29, " 48, l. 11, "*lift*"=care or heed or choice.

A. B. G.

XIV. WILLIAM SMITH.

Introduction p. x. l. 25 'Gervase Markham,' a *lapsus pluma* for 'Abraham Fraunce.'

Page 3. Here and elsewhere Smith shows that he had read Lodge's *Phillis*, published three years earlier. With ll. 13-14 cf.

"Shroud with your mighty wings that mount so well,
These little loues, new crept from out the shell."

and

"Smile on these little loues but lately hatched."

Both are from the "Induction" to *Phillis*.

„ 9, son. 9, l. 1, '*Delila*'—read '*Delia*'; l. 6, '*Remembring*'—read '*Kembing*,' i.e., combing; l. 7, '*wire*'=hair.

„ 10, „ 12, ll. 3, 5-8—nearly *verbatim* from Lodge's *Phillis*, Son. 4.

„ 11, „ 13, l. 3, *chate*=chat=discussed.

„ 12, „ 14, l. 14, "Goe weeping Trucemen in your sighing weedes."
Induction, Lodge's *Phillis*.

„ 13, „ 16, l. 13, insert '*do*' after '*thus*.'

„ 14, „ 19, l. 8, '*decaieth*'=decayed—qu. misprint or early form of word?

„ 15, „ 20, l. 10, '*hallow*'=hollow.

„ 17, „ 14, l. 6, '*Monileffe*'. Query—misprint for 'monelesse' meaning unpitied?; Son. 25, l. 10, '*while*' read '*which*.'

„ 19, „ 28, l. 4, for '*crossed*' read '*tossed*'; son. 29, l. 1, '*harts*.' Sense needs '*hatts*'; l. 8, '*ouerplow*'—can this be a fanciful Anglification of *superare*, *quasi* *super-arare*?

„ 20, „ 31, l. 10, '*Aramanthus*'='Amaranthus'; ll. 9-12. Adapted from Lodge's *Phillis*, Son. 28:

"And as nor tirant fonne [*i.e.*, sun], nor winter weather
May euer chaunge sweet *Amaranthus* hew,
So she tho loue and fortune joyne together,
Will never leaue to bee both faire and true."

„ 22, „ 34, l. 2, for '*It is*' read '*Itis*'; for '*fire*' read '*sire*'—(father); son. 35, l. 6.—imperfect—read '*passeth o'er*'.

„ 23, „ 36, l. 11, 'Such *in* his rage.' Perhaps '*in*' is a misprint for '*is*,' caught from the preceding line; but as '*in*' makes a sense, this is doubtful.

„ 24 „ 38, ll. 13-14—nearly *verbatim* from Lodge's *Phillis*, Son. 23.

„ 26 „ 43, l. 6, '*hir sifter Phæbus*'—read '*his sister Phæbe's*.'

„ 27 „ 44, l. 10, '*step*'=steep?; son. 45, cf. Licia, son. 51 and note thereon.

„ 28 „ 46, l. 1, '*with*' has dropped out after '*first*'; son. 47. The missing line was doubtless identical with l. 1. of son. 48; l. 2, '*rofe at*'=roseat.

„ 29 „ 1. 4, '*fighes*'=a dissyllable.





